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IMAGINATION,

&c.

LONDON :

BLATCH AND LAMPERT, PRINTERS, GROVE PLACE, BROMPTON.

IMAGINATION;

A Poem.

IN TWO PARTS.

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY LOUISA FRANCES POULTER.

Le Tasse, voyageant avec un ami, gravissait un jour une montagne très élevée. Parvenu à son sommet il s'écrie : " Vois-tu ces rochers escarpés, ces forêts sauvages, ce ruisseau bordé de fleurs, qui serpente dans la vallée, ce fleuve majestueux, qui court baigner les murs de cent villes ? Eh bien ! ces rochers, ces monts, ces murs, ces cités, les dieux, les hommes, voilà mon poème !"

BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE.



LONDON :

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1841.

1012.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

HENRY, MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

MY LORD,

When a few copies of this Poem were circulated without the Author's name, the very favorable opinion you expressed of it, afforded me a much higher gratification than any other circumstance connected with it. I had felt a natural ambition that it should attract the notice of One, whose refined taste and distinguished talents are undisputed; and I might reasonably feel proud, when it had obtained that distinction.

With a different, and, certainly, with a no less pleasurable feeling, I must now express how sensibly I am obliged to

your Lordship for the peculiarly kind manner, in which you complied with my request, that I might be permitted to dedicate this Poem to You.

Allow me to remain, with the greatest respect,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

LOUISA FRANCES POULTER.

18, *Green Street, Grosvenor Square,*

January, 1841.

IMAGINATION.

A Poem.

ONE of the principal effects of a liberal education, is to accustom us to withdraw our attention from the objects of our present perceptions, and to dwell at pleasure on the past, the absent, and the future. How much it must enlarge, in this way, the sphere of our enjoyment or suffering, is obvious; for (not to mention the recollection of the past) all that part of our happiness or misery, which arises from our hopes or our fears, derives its existence entirely from the power of Imagination.

Stewart's Outlines of Moral Philosophy, p. 296.

IMAGINATION.

Part First.

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

The Poem opens with the description of a Sun-set after a Storm—Power of Imagination compared to it—Childhood little under the influence of Imagination, as its enjoyments are confined to the present moment—Imagination most powerful in Youth—The different manner in which it operates upon Men, leading some to Public life, others to Retirement—Picture of Domestic Felicity—Is not the enjoyment derived from an ardent Imagination ill exchanged for a reasonable view of human life?—Moral influence of Nature upon a refined Imagination—Character and premature death of Mr. Horner—Remorse exasperated by Solitude—Power of sublime scenery to awaken correspondent emotions in the mind—Address to the Deity—External beauties powerless in soothing a wounded heart—Tasso—Influence of Imagination most feeble amongst those least improved by civilization, and whose mental powers are not exercised—It strengthens gradually as the other faculties of the mind unfold themselves—Picture of a Canadian engaged in hunting—Picture of an Indian Mother lamenting over her dead child—A Ballad—Apostrophe to Time—Progress of Arts—Music—Caledonian Bards—Poetry—Imagination dwells with delight upon Greece, as once the splendid scene of all most brilliant in valour, genius, and the Arts—Apostrophe to the Muse—Allusion to Childe Harold—Indelible power of Memory—Conclusion.

IMAGINATION.

PART I.

In vernal days, when sudden storms arise,
Wave the dark woods, and cloud the azure skies,
A fearful silence reigns o'er all the plain,
While Nature mourns her charms displayed in vain :
The hind, desponding, views his timid flock 5
Shrink from the blast, and seek some sheltering rock ;
No hum of insects lulls the pilgrim's ear,
No groves resound, no painted birds appear.

But lo! the western sun, at evening hour,
Envious of night, dispels the chilling shower ; 10
Shoots through the vaulted heaven his parting rays,
And 'mid creation all his power displays ;
Each weeping flower uprears her pendent bell,
Crushed by the storm, and scents the lonely dell ;
Again the scattered birds renew their lays, 15
Start from their mossy sheds, and hymn his praise ;
O'er hill, o'er vale, he darts his fulgent beam,
Plays 'mid the trees, and sparkles in the stream ;
Clouds, gold and purple, gather round his breast
One blaze of glory ere he sink to rest. 20

Thus o'er the moral world, in every clime,
Imagination ! shines thy light sublime ;

From pole to pole, from burning tracts that glow
Beneath meridian suns, to realms of snow,
Thy power extends, is traced thy magic form, 25
Lovely in sunshine, awful in the storm.

When Childhood mingles in this scene of strife,
And sips the fragrance of untasted life ;
The simple pleasures o'er its path are shed,
Fresh as the dew that bathes the primrose bed ; 30
They seek from thee no bright delusive hue,
To whet desire, for every charm is new ;
The power to act with freedom from constraint,
Is all of bliss the sportive mind can paint.
See, from his sheltering roof, the infant boy 35
Rush with delight, to snatch the promised joy ;

Allowed for once to stray where'er he please,
And live one day of liberty and ease.
His frugal basket to his girdle hung,
His little rod across his shoulder flung, 40
With eager haste he starts at dawn of day,
Yet every trifle lures him from his way ;
An opening rose, a gaudy butterfly,
Turn his light steps, and fix his wandering eye ;
He plucks ripe berries blushing in the hedge, 45
And pungent cresses from the watery sedge.
At length he gains the bank, and seeks to fill
His little scrip, and prove his infant skill ;
He marks the fish approach in long array—
Then, stamps the ground, to see them glide away. 50

But lo! one speckled wanderer lurks behind,
'Mid the tall reeds that skirt the stream confined :
It comes—it bites—he finds himself possess
Of one small trout, less wary than the rest :
With trembling hands he grasps his finny spoil, 55
The rich reward of one long day of toil.
For some short moments yet he keeps his seat
Close to the brook, and laves his weary feet ;
Wide from his face his auburn locks he throws,
That playful airs may fan his little brows ;
Then upward springs, and hums a blithesome lay,
To cheat fatigue, and charm his lengthened way.
Hark! while across the verdant lawn he skips,
The half-told tale is muttered from his lips ;

With bounding heart he shews his spotted prize, 65
And marks, exulting, the well-feigned surprise.
A second moment sees him locked in sleep,
And placid slumbers o'er his senses creep ;
In dreams he rests along some river's side,
Where giant trout beneath clear waters glide. 70

Despotic Power ! in Youth's unclouded day
Thy empire rules with most resistless sway ;
The gay horizon decked with light appears,
Thy darker shades reserved for future years ;
No doubts depress, no tasted pleasures cloy, 75
And all we dream of life is hope and joy.
Oh thou ! whose eye emits the fire of youth,
Whose manly countenance is stamped with truth,

Thy panting breast a thirst for glory burns,
And humbler happiness thy bosom spurns : 80
Pass some short years, perchance the goal is gained,
And all thy heart once sighed for, is attained ;
Upon the height of life I see thee stand,
A nation's weal or woe at thy command :
Then wilt thou scorn each art, each selfish aim, 85
And tread the broad, unsullied path to fame ;
Thy country's boast, the hope of distant lands—
Or live enslaved in Pleasure's flowery bands,^(a)
Scoffing at Virtue, Faith, immortal Truth,
The glorious visions of thy early youth ? 90
That smile triumphant, that indignant eye,
Far more than words, make eloquent reply ;

Yet pause—beware—a distance how immense
Divides thy virtuous dreams from excellence!
What dusky mists of error intervene! 95
What gulphs of turbid passions yawn between!
Oh! guard thy sliding steps, shun pleasure's bait,
And keep thy settled purpose to be great;
Be all thou canst—and all a mortal can—
A patriot, hero, more—an honest man!^(b) 100
So up yon cliffs that frown in stern array,
The hardy pilgrim climbs his painful way;
His form bends forward—see! how he expands
O'er each frail mountain-shrub his fearful hands;
Will it resist?—or, from the rocky steep, 105
Whirl him below unnumbered fathoms deep?

He grasps it firm—he keeps his dizzy ground—
Though blasts and foaming torrents roar around ;
Soon from the summit, views, with raptured eye,
The lovely scenes that far extended lie ; 110
The smiling hamlet ; the deep-tangled grove ;
The lake whose breast reflects the hills above ;
The lowing herds that through green pastures stray,
Where limpid streams pursue their pebbled way.

But, 'mid the crowds who throng the paths of life, 115
(Formed some for courtiers, some for fiercer strife,
Others to bask in Fashion's fickle ray,
And, for her baubles, pay their gold away,)
There yet are minds refined with purest fire,
With all that genius, passion can inspire, 120

That shun the burthen of a glorious name,
And sicken at the glare of splendid Fame.
Early with love of better things imbued,
They find this world a dreary solitude ;
And, free from human taint, almost appear 125
Exiled from brighter scenes to linger here.
How oft their pensive hours shall Fancy bless
With soothing dreams of pictured happiness !
Such as might charm immortal Shades, who dwell^(c)
In flowering groves, or meads of asphodel ; 130
While, 'mid the silence of some lone retreat,
Float on the liquid air her accents sweet :—
“ In musing sadness dost thou wander here,
To shun the world's cold aspect, and the sneer^(d)

Of captive thousands, who, with idle strains, 135
Dance gaily on, and hug their gilded chains ?
Think not, from All of human form, thou'rt doomed,
Deep in thy breast to hide its griefs entombed.
The pensive nightingale in yon deep wood
Builds his soft nest, and rears his callow brood ; 140
The pleasing toil one dear companion shares,
Sweetens his pleasures, and divides his cares ;
The sparkling rill, that trickles silently
Down the steep glen, their furthest boundary :
But far and wide his liquid notes resound, 145
Lull the charmed ear, and cheer the hamlets round ;
While, hid from men, concealed from gaudy day,
Smooth glides his life of melody away.

So shalt thou fly the crowd, with one loved friend,
Whose thoughts with thine in sweet communion blend;
Her soothing tenderness shall round thee throw

(e) An atmosphere of love, and warmer glow

As rolls each fleeting year too fast away,
And vulgar bliss, and weaker ties decay ;

Stamping the visions of thy early youth, 155
A bright reality, a blessed truth.

Then shall the fire of Genius, long repress,
Burn with intenser radiance in thy breast ;

Then shall thy lucid page, from error free,
Win from her lips that tender praise, to thee 160

More sweet than Hybla honey, or the breath
Of balmy wild-thyme on the lonely heath :

At her command, to loud applause lay claim ;
And, bearing soon a deathless palm from Fame,
To no one Country, no one Age confined, 165
Correct, refine, and animate Mankind."

Romantic dreams, perchance, yet beautiful !
When Truth and Reason these bright visions dull,^(r)
Say, will they aught of sterling worth impart,
To rouse the languor of the dreary heart ? 170
O Time ! what dreadful secrets lie concealed
Within thy womb, one day to be revealed !
And, as our web is wove out year by year,
See what deep stains, what grained spots appear !
Remorse may furrow that fair open brow, 175
And Grief may break the heart exulting now ;

Suspicion chill that warm confiding breast,
And burning Doubts each inmost thought infest;
Then—be the Future known to thee alone!
And pour thy drops of bitter one by one! 180
The sapling bent the rippling brook receives,
And every blast whirls off its tender leaves;
Firm in his knotted strength, the mountain-ash
Fearless withstands the rolling thunder's crash;
Mocks the forked lightning, breasts the torrent's weight,
And braves the tempest, bare and desolate.
The added griefs of many a coming year
The proudest spirit well might shrink to bear;
But, one by one, each barbèd arrow cast,
Strikes with a pang less deadly than the last; 190

Till, seared by age, in apathy secure,
The heart is bronzed, and fitted to endure.

There is a language uttered night and day⁽⁸⁾
Throughout creation, like no earthly lay ;
There is a spring in hallowed souls alone, 195
That hears and understands its magic tone :
Remove this spring—the fair-proportioned shape,
The peach distilling sweets, the pulpy grape,
The song of birds, the leaves' bright verdant gloss,
The rose deep-glowing in her cell of moss, 200
And, far above, the sun beheld on high,
Gilding the azure concave of the sky,
Each formed to cheer mankind, would yet dispense
Its own peculiar charm, to please the sense—

But Nature's proudest influence were resigned, 205
To melt the heart, to rouse the raptured mind,
To work the springs of pleasure and of pain ;
Then were her varied features stamped in vain ;
Lifeless the scenes by her kind hand displayed,
To make this earth delightful ; the dark shade, 210
The rock's gray aspect, and the changeful year,^(h)
Silent admonisher that all most dear
In love, in friendship, swiftly shall decay,
And, like her seasons, shine and pass away.

Shall the pale Autumn shed his leaves in vain, 215
Sear the green woods, and all their glories stain ?
Shall Winter clouds and bitter frosts impart,
Yet force no saddening moral on the heart ?

Oh! let the warning Past one thought employ!
Have not our projects, marked by grief or joy, 220
And all that we call beauty, talent, worth,
Mimicked the transient fashion of the Earth?
The fragile bloom has withered in the storm—
The pride of better years now feeds the worm!⁽¹⁾

Thou* too art gone! in whose deep-furrowed mind,⁽¹⁾
Vigour, and Truth, and Wisdom, lay combined;
Whose manly eloquence the heart could reach,
Stripped of all tinselled ornament of speech;
While to each measure urged in warm debate,
Thy moral virtue lent a tenfold weight. 230

* Francis Horner, Esq.

Oh ! how unlike those creatures of a day,
Restless their paltry talents to display ;
Whose specious zeal some darker object shrouds,
Who rail at power—then stoop to flatter crowds—
To glut ambition risk their Country's fall, 235
And call their private aims—the good of all.
The tyrant's foe, the friend of the oppressed,
No partial purpose stained thy spotless breast ;
A hallowed wish to act the Patriot's part,
Glowed as the proudest feeling of thy heart : 240
Vain, airy vision ! Fate around thee threw,
E'en in thy prime, a cloud of saddest hue ;^(k)
Soon thy pale, hollow cheek, thy laboring breath,
Give certain presage of approaching death ;

Italia's classic scene, her vernal air, 245
No charm impart, no healing fragrance bear;
The dream has vanished—hope and fear are o'er—
A little dust detains thee on that shore;
Oh! if in human heart there ever lay
One thought, one pang, that could not pass away, 250
Might claim exemption from Time's stern decree—
That thought is thine—that pang is felt for thee!

While o'er thy grave Italia's sun-beams play,
And foreign earth enwraps thy mouldering clay,
Forgot each tie, each friend, so dear before, 255
Nor e'en thy Country's claims remembered more,
Hark! through her senate-house resounds thy name,
With tears pronounced, and stamped with deathless fame;

Rivals contend with friends, and now, too late,
Glory to speak the truth, and mourn thy fate. 260

Unknown, unfelt, save by wild Fancy's child,
That charm, which oft his secret soul beguiled,
And lured his step to quit th' abodes of men,
For the lone forest's gloom, or rugged glen
That hangs upon the mountain's aged side— 265
The moon's cold light, the cataract his guide.

But He, in whose deep sanctuary of thought,
The burning ploughshare of Remorse hath wrought
Furrows, e'en yet he shrinks to look upon,
Tho' deadening years since then have come and gone—

Oh ! let him court the sun's entrancing beam,
The light-wove dance on Pleasure's sparkling stream,
The wild enchantment of melodious strains
Poured from the lip where love and beauty reigns,
The sportive frolic, and the social whim, 275
To stand a dyke betwixt his deeds and him ;
Nor grapple with the visions that intrude,
Making so stern, so hideous, Solitude.
Perchance of noble nature, but misled
In passion's hour, a poisoned drop he shed 280
Upon the path of one who loved him well—
Too well for aught that on this Orb doth dwell :
By day the strong activity of Life,
The sophistry of Words may calm the strife
Of gnawing Recollection, which, in vain, 285
Yet clings to her he ne'er can meet again :

But when he views no forms, but forms of night,
The argent lamp descend in placid light
To sound each thought, lay bare each rotten part,
Shall he not feel it aching at his heart? . 290
A pang burn there that will not be repress?
A hand of adamant upon his breast?

The midnight pause hath chilled the voice of mirth,
And all the splendid furniture of Earth
Is lost in darkness, or revealed to sight 295
Quivering beneath uncertainty of light.
O Night! how eloquent thy speaking brow!
With what stern meaning doth thy silence glow!
Swelling the pulse within Man's bounding heart,
To that full rapture words shall ne'er impart; 300

While, as he marks the Moon's long, trembling beam
Athwart the furrowed breast of Ocean gleam,
The wind that moans a low, funereal dirge,
The hoarse lamenting of the broken surge,
The owlet's scream, the curlew's wild reply, 305
Strike its deep chord of saddest harmony.
Above, below, immensity is spread,
Unnumbered worlds roll pendent o'er his head ;
His struggling soul would burst her fleshly tie,⁽¹⁾
And soar unfettered to her native sky ; 310
Would wing her flight beyond the void immense ;
To grasp the counsels of Omnipotence ;
He feels all human projects too confined
To fill his vast capacity of mind,

Yet strains each nerve, in vain, to comprehend 315
Space without bounds, and Time which hath no end.

O God! thy power hath shed the glorious light,
Thy seal is set upon the brow of Night ;
The storm is in thy hand, the fire is thine,
That mocks at strength, and scathes the mountain-pine,
Which stood long years in towering stature proud,
Companion of the vulture and the cloud ;
Thine arm hath rent the rock, and from its side
Bursts the wild torrent, with impetuous stride,
Seeking th' abyss, whose depth no art shall sound, 325
Where its dark waves from age to age rebound ;
Cliffs upon cliffs in snow-crowned grandeur stand,
Bearing stern records graven by thy hand ;

Their secret path no mortal sight hath viewed,
No foot hath trod their frowning altitude ; 330
Save that proud bird's, who, when his flight is done,
Rests on the rocky ledge, and eyes the sun ;
Who holds his course amidst unchanging things,
And, if to Earth he e'er did stoop his wings,
Swept o'er the haunts of men his rapid way, 335
Nor tracked the path from glory to decay.
These are the monuments thy might hath hurled,
Stamping such fairness o'er thy pendent world,
That ere thy characters can be effaced,
Thy printed power on Earth no more be traced, 340
A touch almighty must unnerve the springs,
Which bind the soul of Man to outward things ;

Must quench the light Imagination throws
O'er all the loveliness thy hand bestows ; 344
More pure, more bright, than mid-day suns can pour
In tropic rays on Zaara's trackless shore ;
Then shall he crawl his reptile life on Earth,
Nor feel within one sign of heavenly birth ;
A few dark years his joyless desert tread—
Then crowd the mansions of the loathsome dead. 350

The soothing charms of Nature's quiet scene,
Shed o'er her worshipper that calm serene
In the mixed crowd of cities sought in vain,
Where griefs and fevered joys alternate reign ;
But there is naught in her sweet harmony, 355
Her bloom, her shadows, her refulgent sky,

That can appease the struggles of the heart,
And from its cordage pluck the clinging dart.
Tasso, the pride, the victim of the Great,
Who learned the value of their smile too late, 360
Had shone in courts resplendent, and beneath ^(m)
A prison's wall had drawn his painful breath,
Sought his beloved Sorrento; for he fed ⁽ⁿ⁾
A wild delirious hope, that bade him tread,
In search of peace, her groves, her spicy hills, 365
And woo the balsam her soft air distils.
Impetuous passion in his mind had wrought, ^(o)
And trenched it deep with many a bitter thought;
Perchance the breeze that fans her rocky shore,
The mournful measure of the plashing oar, 370

Her blooming gardens that expanded lie,
Breathing their citron fragrance to the sky,
Her clustered almond-trees, her sighing pines,
Her founts of crystal, and her palmy wines,
May lull its throb, its languid tone restore, 375
And charm it back to all it was before.
Vain, idle dream ! that pang shall never sleep,
The poisoned, festering wound hath sunk too deep—
And when his rayless eye Sorrento caught, 379
The bitter change that years and grief had wrought,
Since last he trod her verdant promontory,
Pressed on his soul with more than agony.
A broken heart, a ruined intellect,
Where scarce one beam yet marked the grandeur
wrecked ;

A shuddering dread of unknown evil nigh, 385

Far, far exceeding all calamity ;

Had wrenched him from Mankind ; and now, alone,

Wrestling with anguish, he sought aid from none :

No more proud deeds his lofty lay inspire ;

On woody Helicon his trembling lyre ^(p) 390

Hung to a cypress, with low solemn sigh

Swept by th' inconstant blast, rings mournfully :

Yet shall the strain his magic fancy wove,

That sung knights' prowess and fair ladies' love,

Recall the lustre of his glorious day, 395

Ere yet a Tyrant's hand had quenched its brightest ray.

Few are the joys that Fancy can create,

To gild the dawn of Man's uncultured state ;

Unfelt the bliss her shadowy charms impart,
Unknown the ties which grapple heart to heart,^(a) 400
To Nature's bounded appetites confined,
Each languid power lies dormant in his mind.
Where torrid regions yield spontaneous fruit,^(a)
The human being scarce excels the brute.
Stretched in his plantain-shade the Savage shuns 405
The sickening fervour of his tropic-suns ;
Or, pressed for food, his steps reluctant stray,
Where trees untouched a richer store display ;
No keen pursuit fresh energy bestows,
No healthful labour sweetens short repose ; 410
Too bounteous gifts his scanty wants supply,
And Life rolls on, a lengthened infancy.

But where a ruder clime, a barren soil,
Brace the firm sinews with incessant toil,
By slow degrees the faculties unfold 415
The forced invention, and the purpose bold ;
O'er grosser sense the mind resumes her sway,
And sterner virtues struggle into play ;
The lofty independence of the soul,
Undaunted courage, scornful of control, 420
The love of Country, and the thirst for Fame,
Which grasps at shadows, and endears a name.
Through pathless wilds, o'er snows' untrodden way,
The swift Canadian tracks his savage prey ;
Quaffs the chill torrent, chews the aspen-bark, 425
And hurls his shaft envenomed to the mark. (e)

There, while the elements drear forms assume,
There, while no murmur breaks the awful gloom,
Save when his fire disturbs the shaggy bear,^o
Save when the twanging arrow cuts the air, 430
Stern, dismal visions, o'er his fancy fly,
As crimson meteors flit along the sky ;
Shades of unburied friends his senses scare,
●
Howl in the blast, and in the lightning glare ;
Whose mourning accents in his breast awake 435
That thirst for vengeance naught but blood can slake.
“ The midnight breeze hath swelled our note of death ;
In bitter taunts we poured th' expiring breath ;
No tear, no groan, obscured our Fathers' fame,
With songs we hailed the hatchet and the flame ; 440

Our mangled bodies glut the joyous foe, ^(v)
Sweet from our skulls the mantling juices flow,
Cold in unwashen blood thy comrades lie;
Rise, Chief of men ! and teach thy sons to die ! ”

Is there no sound when Evening's shade descends 445
Where agèd Mississippi's torrent bends
Through Indian deserts, perfumed with the breath
Of many a spicy shrub and climbing wreath ?
When the lone cayman seeks his watery bed
Where reeds and lilies whisper o'er his head, 450
The azure jay, the cardinal of fire,
Beneath their cypress tenements retire ;
While chill night-breezes Earth's frail blossoms strew,
And floral Spirits scatter gems of dew ;

Weeping their silent tears o'er flow'r and leaf, 455
That life and loveliness are all so brief?
Yes—on the balmy stillness of that hour,
•
A soothing charm the Mother's accents pour,
Who calls the spirit of her infant-child,
By many a visionary hope beguiled, 460
That it will linger at her well-known voice,
And, hovering o'er a parent's gifts, rejoice.
There, while her tender sacrifice she pours, ^(w)
The spiked lobelia lends its scarlet flowers ;
The tulip-branch, her pious hand hath rent, 465
Wafts on the gale its aromatic scent ;
And o'er the stiffened corse plucked lilies pale
Sadly their sweet memorials yet exhale ;
Oft to its fastened lips are fondly prest
The milky drops, Affection's last bequest ; 470

Then, while the sighing boughs her infant bear,
Her farewell plaint is muttered to the air ;
And vain imaginations of the dead,
A lulling balsam o'er her bosom shed.

Twice falling snows have clad the Earth ; (x)
Twice hath the fly-bird weaved his nest ;
Since first I smiled upon thy birth,
And felt thee breathing on my breast.

Now snowy wreaths will melt away,
And buds of red will shine around ;
But, heedless of the sunny ray,
Thy form shall wither in the ground.

Oft hath thy father dared the foe,
And, while their arrows drank his blood,
And round him lay his brothers low,
Careless 'mid thousand darts he stood.

But when he saw thee droop thy head,
Thy little limbs grow stiff and cold,
And from thy lip the scarlet fled,
Fast down his cheek the tear-drops rolled.

The land of souls lies distant far,
And dark and lonely is the road ;
No ghost of night, no shining star,
Shall guide me to thy new abode.

Will some good Spirit to thee bring
The milky fruits of cocoa-tree ?
To shield thee stretch his pitying wing ?
Or spread the beaver's skin for thee ?

Oh ! in the blue-bird's shape descend,
When broad magnolias shut their leaves !
With evening-air thy lisping blend,
And watch the tomb thy mother weaves !

I've marked the lily's silken vest,
When winds blew fresh and sun-beams shined
On Mississippi's furrowed breast,
By many a watery wreath entwined.

But soon they rippled down the stream,
To lave the Stranger's distant shore ;
One moment sparkled in the beam—
Then saw their native banks no more.

Roll on, thou darkly-flowing wave of Time !
Sweep thy swift current through each savage clime !
Arouse benumbed existence ! and impart,
To charm Life's tedious dream, the spells of Art ! 480
Oh ! erst, at thy command, the vacant hind
In blooming vale of Sicily reclined ;
Or he, whose browsing tribe scant herbage found
On steep Cyllenè, owned the power of sound ;
Leaned with pleased ear, while murmuring bees were
spread 485
Where gelid flowers a dewy pasture shed ;

While, bubbling from the cave with moss o'er-grown,
Clear icy torrents struck th' echoing stone ;
And pensive heard Luscinia's parting strain,
The flocks lamenting on the distant plain ; 490
Then strove to catch th' expiring melody,
As, blended with the gale, it floated by ;
Soon, fired by love, he tuned his artless reed,
And Nymphs of Arcady the light dance weaved.

Chill blow the winds o'er Caledonia's breast, 495
Mists dank and heavy on her mountains rest ;
No smiling verdure, no enamelled mead,
With pleasing images the fancy feed ;
Early, to solemn thought aroused, thy Verse (v)
Son of the secret cell ! thou didst rehearse ; 500

Life clothed in terrors stood revealed to thee,
Stern as thy rocks, rough as thy boist'rous sea ;
For noblest purpose woke thy magic art,
To soften brutal force, to fire the heart ^(z)
With burning valour in the hour of strife, 505
And love of Glory, dearer far than Life.
Oft bending Ghosts mysterious tidings brought,
While, wrapped in gloom of solitary thought,
Thy walk was lonely on Sky's shaggy heath,
Thy locks of silver waved to Night's keen breath; 510
And when in hall resounds the feast of shells,
The harp's deep chord its trembling music swells,
With fitful wildness thy dark songs impart
Th' impassioned feelings bursting from thy heart.

Now Chief and Bard have vanished : the rude swain,^(aa)
Who roams with his loved dog o'er Highland-plain,

Alone from Time's cold grasp defends that lay,
Which once to Death and Glory marked the way,
Bared the proud deeds of Heroes long unknown,
And mourned for Him beneath the dark-gray stone. 520
So rapid glide Life's motley forms away!
And other scenes delight, and other actors play.

But all is not a dream—there yet are things
That cannot lose their lustre, though the springs,
Which forced them into being, Time hath broke, 525
And men and manners changed beneath his stroke.
*In vain the crouching Greek obeys the Turk,
And all his noble passions cease to work ;

* These lines were written before the emancipation of the Greeks
from the Turkish yoke.

In vain his sunken mind and body yields,
To meet the scourge a dull Oppressor wields; 530
He stands where Sparta stood—stern Freedom's light
Scatters its sunset radiance o'er his night;
And while each cherished feeling of our hearts
A phantom-grandeur to the slave imparts,
With fond delight Imagination strays 535
To bask beneath the light of Grecian days;
When every man a hero's arm could lend,
And proud in individual strength descend
Upon the plain whence Persian myriads fly,
Who fiercely bade him be enslaved or die; 540
When Freedom rose triumphant from the storm,^(bb)
And brightly on the soul beamed Beauty's fulgent
form!^(cc)

O Muse! who erst didst shed poetic glow
Upon the waters that yet sparkling flow
From clear, cold Castalie; who fir'dst thy Youth 545
With love of fair Simplicity and Truth,
As 'mid dark groves and glassy founts they sip
Hymettus' sweets distilled from Plato's lip; ^(ad)
How proud was then thy boast! What noble crowd
Of godlike worshippers before thee bowed! 550
And when the soft meridian zephyr came,
Breathing its sense of pleasure o'er the frame,
Mixed with the grateful balm of wild-thyme crushed,
And many a pendent shrub that fragrant blushed
On steep Parnassus, to thy hallowed fane . 555
How sweetly rose the full, impassioned strain!

Yet little need had Genius of thy care,^(ee)
Where all was great, magnanimous, and fair ;
The naked fact, the breathing man, inspire
The high conception, and the thought of fire ; 560
Would Athens' son on polished marble grave
The smile of Venus rising from the wave ;
Her tragic bard to solemn verse impart
The desperate valour of a Patriot's heart ;
Ionian forms of beauty round him stood—^(ff) 565
The plains of Marathon lay drenched in blood !

Cold o'er these scenes a Despot's hand hath lain ;
Art, Nature, Mind, have struggled—All—in vain !
But still where famed Ilissus wounds his sight,
And noble records glitter sadly bright, 570

*The Bard delights to linger, and around
Wake long-lost echoes with his magic sound ;
Less sad, less sweet, upon the gale is borne
The mellow plaining of the pensive horn. 575
So, fondly yet, pursues the aching sight,
Beneath her sable cloud, the Moon's soft, waning light.

And cling not All to Memory ? Who hath power
To wrench from out his brain the long past hour ?
To bid that pang, that restlessness depart, 580
Which hangs about the fibres of his heart ?
What were the paltry present touch of Grief,
If Time could heal, Reflection were Relief ?

* See the beautiful lines upon Greece, in the Second Canto of
Childe Harold.

But that the goaded, working Mind, in vain,
As if for Torture seeking, o'er again 585
Acts every look, each word, that aimed the blow,
And fixed the fearful furrow in the brow—
This is the fang of Sorrow, the stern blast
That yet howls on, e'en when the storm is past ;
The fiery lava to the fevered Sense, 590
Scorching Earth's fairest gifts, her wafted redolence !

O Thou ! with whom my happiest days were spent
Of vacant Childhood ; whose fond love had lent,
To gild my Youth's horizon, that bright hue
Of thoughtless, bounding joy, it never knew ; 595
Say, can I speak of painful memory,
Nor backward turn on Life, to think of thee ?

Oft, since thy form was shrouded by the tomb,
Which yawned for thee, Maria! in thy bloom
Of vernal age, in dreams hast thou appeared, 600
Making the day more desolate, the herd
Of mean and selfish Spirits, that beset
The path of All on earth, more hateful yet.
Ill were my drooping Fancy skilled to paint
Thy generous, open soul, from every taint 605
Of petty feeling free; thy ardent mind
Strong in its native energy; combined
With all the charm simplicity of heart
Which knows not its own value, can impart;
The glowing, deep affections in thy breast, 610
That once were mine—alas! are chilled to rest:

Yet will I pour this farewell lay to thee,
Who oft didst tread the path of Poesy ;
And grateful offerings to her shrine hast thrown—
As *thou* wert—artless, lovely, and unknown ! 615

The sound hath died upon the fitful lyre,
Which sung of Childhood's joy, of Youthful fire,
Of pleasing Arts that tame ungentle strife,
And shed a rainbow charm on polished life :
More awful now doth Fancy's form arise, 620
While sable visions glide before mine eyes ;
And if again I strike the quivering chord,
A mournful tone 'twill breathe, a sadder theme record.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

IMAGINATION.

Part Second.

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

Address to the Spirit of Ruin—Various forms of Destruction displayed—
A Shipwreck—The descent of an Avalanche—Intellectual decay—
Fatal effects of an ill-regulated and ardent Imagination—Power of
Love in Youth—Influence of Imagination in our choice of Life—
Love of Fame—An active Life necessary to a person of vivid Imagination—The thirst for Fame overcomes the love of Life—Apostrophe to the spirits of distinguished persons—Arnold de Winkelried—Washington—Imagination sometimes represents them as still existing—Sir Samuel Romilly—Soothing Power of Imagination in Old Age—Conclusion.

IMAGINATION.

PART II.

SPIRIT of Ruin!—dim athwart the cloud
Of fearful images, that round me crowd,
Scattering the hues kind Fancy's touch had shed
To gild the shadowy path she bade me tread,
Thy wand of cypress shuddering I descry, 5
The dust fast dropping from thy leaden eye,
The nightshade bound across thine ashen brow,
The pale blue torch that in thy hand doth glow,

And that smile ghastly with infernal mirth,
Which says thy soul can pity naught on Earth ! 10
Why hast thou left the vault, the grave-house damp,
Its crumbling bone, its dying sickly lamp ;
Where, spite of brazen barriers fixed with care,
Spite of the Parian marble smooth and fair,
Th' embalming myrrh, the coffin's studded wall, 15
The silken shroud, the well-spread velvet pall,
Thy cunning finger plays o'er Beauty's form,
And sheds his dusty pasture to the worm ?

“ Think not alone (thy harrowing accents say)
The charnel's weak inhabitant my prey. 20
Where'er the Sun's full orb refulgent lays
O'er the parched Earth intolerable rays ;

Where clad in moss and icicles she lies,
And to her frozen children food denies ;
Each instrument of Wreck at will I sway— 25
The awful wrench from Life—the lurking, slow decay.

“ Lo! where the glacial billows round her sweep,
The north-bound vessel cuts the frozen deep ;
Long months, from friends, home, country, distant far,
His hope the wind, his guide the polar star, 30
The care-worn mariner’s unsheltered form
Hath battled with the Ocean and the storm.
Oh! ’tis a fearful thing, at dead of night,
To watch the fire descend in globes of light ;
When the deep peal from cloud to cloud is hurled, 35
Charged with Fate’s mandate to a cowering world,

Shrill through rent sails the blasts unprisoned blow,
The floating cemetery roars below.
Oft hath he braved such agonizing strife,
And tugged each bulwark of defence, for life ; 40
Oft, from hard toil and instant danger free,
Sad hath he gazed upon the calm, blue sea ;
There, while unfelt the breeze creeps o'er him bleak,
Chilling the tear upon his roughened cheek,
Visions of forms beloved around him start, 45
And crowding recollections swell his heart ;
His bark, his low-thatched hut, he can discern,
The crackling blaze that greets his late return,
The laughing children who his kiss would share,
Climb o'er his knee, and smooth his brow of care ; 50

A flash of bliss!—aroused he sees again
Naught save the sky, the boundless, liquid plain.
But moons roll on—he quits the polar shore,
Ice-cinctured Greenland, cheerless Labrador;
Sweeps o'er the wide Atlantic's stormy breast, 55
In search of home, of happiness and rest.
Dimly afar the tall, white cliffs appear,
And softened memory hails them with a tear.
Is there around yon coast no rocky chain,
That gaily thus that proud ship skims the main? 60
Lies there no nerve within this outstretched arm,
That every panting breast with hope is warm?
The fated storm bursts down at my command,
And sudden vapours shroud the dusky land;

Waves upon waves indomitable rise, 65
Fleet bound the torrents from th' unpitying skies ;
Palsied with fear the pilot shuns the ground,
While stricken rocks return a death-like sound ;
The yawning vessel sunders !—and a cry
Wrung from the inmost heart, makes stern reply. 70
High o'er the wreck laments the sounding surge ;
The sea-gull chants a hoarse, responsive dirge.

“ Track thou my path where Alpine winters shed
Their lingering snows o'er bare St. Gothard's head.
Ghastly his savage aspect ; there recline 75
Rocks piled on rocks, and shagg'd with stunted pine ;
Yet touched with beauty, when the purple haze
Its softening shadows o'er their summit lays ;

Then melts in air, while wandering sun-beams streak
With tints of rose each ridge and frozen peak. 80
From cliff to cliff hoarse cataracts pursue
Their shattered course ; now stained with lovely hue,
Lovely, and yet more transient, while a ray
Athwart the shivered waters cuts its way ;
Now whirling in black eddies, as they lash 85
The darkened precipice with hideous crash.
But see ! with trees and freshest verdure bright,
A lonely valley starts upon the sight,
Whose peaceful hamlet clinging to their side,
And sweet retirements, beetling mountains hide. 90
Their fury spent, o'er dell and grassy knoll
The lucid streams in crystal bubbles roll,

Whose gentle gushings break the deep repose,
As down steep, pebbled banks, their current flows.
Here, free from Passion's storm and splendid Care, 95
A hardy race Life's simple blessings share.
Breathes there on Earth who boasts a happier lot,
Than the rude owner of yon smiling cot?
Sighs he for joys by Nature's hand denied?
Feels he a want by labour unsupplied? 100
The flock which oft his children's pranks disturb,
The goats delighting in the sprouted herb,
The sleepy cows aroused by sauntering flies,
His verdant paddock with sweet food supplies.
Vigorous from rest, not weak with slothful ease, 105
At dawn he scents the sharp, reviving breeze;

With eager industry and rustic skill
First prunes his purple vine, then hastes to till
His garden, freshened by the chills of night,
Where many a grateful tribute cheers his sight ; 110
The jasmine bent beneath his clustering bees,
The green retiring herb, the lofty trees,
That, gemmed with blooms and dew-drops, on the air
Waft their sweet incense to the God of pray'r.
But noon advances, and he drives his flocks 115
Where spots of verdure brighten 'mid the rocks ;
There spends the day ; and, far above, inhales
The love of Freedom with his mountain-gales.
Hark ! to those sounds, which now the herds invite,
Slow-pacing homeward, from the dizzy height ; 120

The shepherd's evening call—and in each dell
Tinkles the music of the pastoral bell.
His labour done, a frugal meal prepared
By her he loves, recruits his strength impaired ;
Breathing a pious prayer he sinks to rest, 125
And rural visions charm his peaceful breast.

“ Shall *he* this iron grasp elude ? Shall *he*
Revel in bliss, while All beside, from me,
The wound which knows no remedy, receive,
And sceptre, diadem, love, glory leave, 130
To mingle with the Wretched—crashed and broke
By fearful Passion One, as Lightning's stroke ;
One by Time's fretting breath, and mining Grief,
Blown from the Tree of Life, a withered leaf ?

No—though a short bright year it linger still, 135
The trembling Lauwine totters on the hill ;
In vain the Muleteers through freezing nights^(a) ·
Climb their rough path along the snowy heights ;
And, pointing to the Cross where others lie,
Curb their chilled breath, their little bells untie ; 140
Blushing and soft returns the vernal hour,
O'er ice-crowned cliffs the treacherous sun-beams pour ;
Sternly the thundering Crag with wounds deep-gashed
Yields its last yell—and to the Earth 'tis dashed !
Where are his wife, his cot, his fleecy care ? 145
His rosy boys, his cradled treasure, where ?
The spell is broke—th' enchanted vision flies—
A mass of snow remains, gay-sparkling to the skies.

“ And wherefore is the haggard Pastor found
With spade and mattock seated on the ground ? 150
Heedless of him who pitying journeys by,
Unconscious of the gusts that round him sigh,
Save when he lifts his dog upon his knee,
And muttering says, ‘ the blast is cold to thee !’
Why doth he fix an eager stare below ? 155
Why grope his frozen fingers in the snow ?
Ask—they will tell thee, when the Lauwine broke
O’er all he loved, afar he marked the stroke,
And felt it crack his heart-strings, and his brain,
Wrenched from its seat, e’en to convulsion strain ; 160
That since, from day to day, he ceases not
To dig the snow around one dreary spot,

Seeking long-cherished objects, if, perchance,
A well-known face may bless his maniac glance ;
At evening quits his task, and hastes to fill 165
His broken vessel from the neighbouring rill ;
Then quickly to the village-churchyard hies,
Where two small mounds o'er buried cherubs rise ;
And plucking thistles from their verdant beds,
Wild Alpine flowrets and fresh water sheds ;^(b) 170
'Twas his fond custom on this turf to pour
A Father's tribute, in his happier hour ;
And it hath left behind that deep-worn trace,
Nor Time, Want, Heartbreak, Madness, can efface."

The spectral form hath vanished—and again 175
With pleasant strains of music rings the plain ;

Again the silver tones of human voice
Bid the light spirit and blithe heart rejoice,
Nor mix with hope and pleasure Thought's alloy,
Nor turn to bitterness the springs of joy : 180
And they do counsel well—far happier He
Who skims the surface of Life's troubled sea,
Nor stops to sound its depths ; for not alone
(e) The blush of youth, the monumental stone,
The tyrant's realm which pride and pomp secure, 185
Are of the texture that shall not endure ;
Alas ! the withering sentence passed on All,
On Intellectual grandeur too must fall ;
High passionate Thoughts to Frenzy soonest burn—
And golden dreams that Life to Rapture turn, (d) 190

Uncurbed by Reason, soaring unconfined,
 Oft prove the gangrene of a wounded Mind.

Yes—from thy hand, Imagination! flow
 Those lurid shades that darken every woe,
 The sting which points Fate's arrow as it flies, 195
 The drop that festering in the bosom lies;
 Each stormy Passion borrows strength from thee,
 Love's raging pang, slow-rankling Jealousy,
 The deep-set springs of silent Agony.^(e) }

Ah! what avails it, guided by thy wand, 200
 To tread the pleasant ways of Fairyland,
 Awhile on Life's stern truths to close our eyes,
 And chase thy bright illusions as they rise,

When Youth's strong pulse with love and hope beats
high,

And mists opaque veil dim Futurity? 205

Comes not the fearful, waking start at last? ^(t)

Vanished the rapture of the dreaming Past!

Vanished thy halo's visionary glow!

So melt resplendent shapes of frosted snow;

The brittle scene breaks up; the living waters flow. }

Is it not better, then, with fixed, firm eye,

To gaze upon the paths which onward lie,

And lead us from the joyous hour of birth,

To that when we shall lay our heads on Earth,

And, careless of the bitter, searching blast, 215

That chills her frozen bosom, sleep as fast,

As peaceably, as if no grief had prest
Its adamant weight upon our breast,
No venom'd thorn had worked within our heart,
And sapped the springs that health and life impart?
No!—though more deep pour down succeeding Night,
Once let us look upon the blessèd Light!
While yet 'tis time Love's fragile blossom clasp,
E'en though it shrink and wither in our grasp;
Though each revolving year its ebbing sand 225
Shake on a wilderness and parchèd land!

Oh Love! the lark upborne to meet the ray,
At the gray breaking of the soft-eyed day,
The pilgrim bent beneath night's howling wrath,
When bursts the silver orb above his path, 230

The Arab gasping with the thirst of death,
When the cool drop arrests his fleeting breath,
Feels not that bounding joy thy touch can pour
Upon th' impassioned heart in Youth's bright hour.

Hark, through Creation floats thy dulcet voice! 235
“ Shake off thy senseless torpor, and rejoice!
Mortal! for thee shines out Earth's goodly scene,
Her purple light, her tints of vivid green;
For thee I smooth and deck Life's rugged way,
Lead the twined dance, and swell the choral lay, 240
Pluck the sprung flowret, bind the humid wreath,
And scatter fragrance on Air's fanning breath;
For thee I kindle each seducing charm,
Whose secret spell thy careless breast shall warm;

The melting softness of the coral lip, 245
Whence sportive Winds fresh, honied treasures, sip;
The tones that fall resistless on the heart,
Sweet as Æolian melodies impart;
The lonely sun-beam of the speaking eye,
That long shall leave its light on Memory; 250
The dimpled smile half hid and half displayed,
Now here, now there, in fluttering streaks betrayed,
Like the faint flash that gilds the summer-storm;
And Grace, the motion of a lovely form.
For thee I left my heavenly place of birth, 255
To roam a restless exile on the Earth;
Haste, seize the magic amulet I bear—
'Twill quell the sigh, 'twill stay the falling tear;

•

Quaff my charmed cup, ere set thy glancing ray—
Thou bright Ephemeron of the vernal May!" 260

There is a point when stretched before our eye,
The paths of Destiny expanded lie;
When Each, as prompts his youthful intellect,
As yet is free to choose and to reject;
No habit yet hath wound into the soul, 265
No passion yet hath burst beyond control;
O shadowy Fancy! at that fearful hour,
That hour no late repentance can restore,
Thy phantoms round each subtile spirit press,
Shaped into forms to look like Happiness. 270
Impelled, unknowing, by thy secret force,
Each down Life's ocean takes a varied course.

One, framed of gentle nature, close to shore
Guides his frail skiff, and paddles with his oar
In smooth and shallow waters ; well content, 275
If 'gainst so weak a mark the tempest vent
Its savage wrath, to lower his slender sail,
And moor his little bark beneath the gale,
Till airs again breathe softly, and on high
The lark sweet-carols his blithe minstrelsy, 280
To call him forth, to bid his terror cease,
To tell the storm is past, and all is peace.
No lofty visions swell his placid breast ;
Unknown he lives, unmarked he sinks to rest.

(e) But He, whose blood doth flow like liquid fire, 285
Whose out-stretched thoughts to noble deeds aspire,

Spurred on by thee, must play a higher game,
Must perish wrecked, or leave a glorious Name,—
A Name built up to grapple with old Time,
And tell an Age unborn, a distant Clime, 290
That he upon this planet once did stand—
And eyed its crystal sky—and loved its pleasant land.

Shall *he*, of mind firm-strung, of dauntless soul,
Fitted to act, enlighten and control,
To charm the Wise, the Million to inform, 295
To cope with danger, triumph in the storm,
In Field, in State, successful war to wage
'Gainst marshalled Host, or Party's smother rage ;
Shall *he* Ambition stifle at its birth,
Silence the innate consciousness of worth, 300

And, like a paltry leaf, on Earth's green lap
Fall when his web is spun, and leave no gap ?
Sooner the Eagle who his eyry builds
On lofty Snowdon's cloud-embosomed hills,
Hails the first sun-beam from his dizzy bed, 305
And drinks the dew on hoar Plinlimmon's head,
Shall rest, imprisoned in a gilded cage,
Nor beat his noble breast, nor burn with rage.
Action on him, whom thoughts intense convulse,^(h)
Works as the lancet on the bounding pulse ; 310
Allays the fevered longing of his heart,
And turns Imagination's fiery dart
To noblest purpose, which, in languid Ease,
Had raged, and naught engendered but disease.

In the proud field of battle All proclaim, 315
The clanging arms, the trumpet's call to Fame,
The martial sound of music, legions bright
Of warriors gasping for the desperate fight,
To the free air the banners waving high,
It is a great, a glorious thing to die ! 320
There, while his puissant arm his falchion wields,
Each deed of valour frenzied transport yields ;
Reckless of life, insensible to pain,
Fiercely he gallops o'er the sanguine plain ;
And, as he plucks unfading palms to wave 325
Bright o'er his future day, or deck his grave,
The fixed resolve to conquer, or to die,
Burns in his heart and lightens in his eye !

This is thy work, Imagination ! this
Thine hour of triumph, of exulting bliss ! 330
Thine is the hand that numbs the love of life,
And steels each Hero for the bloody strife;
And,—when the crash is o’er, and his low sun
Dim-setting warns him that his deeds are done;
When on Earth’s lovely form receding fast 335
He casts one look, the fondest and the last,
While hoarse, expiring words his bosom swell,
As he would say “for ever fare thee well!”—
Points to his palsied eye long, distant years,
Purged of their shadowy veil, where bright appears,
Wrought in that metal which Time cankereth not,
His Name, unsullied by one envious spot;

That sight yet rapture o'er his heart can pour,
While Death's hard pang is clinging to its core.

Spirits of noble beings, who, arrayed 345
In mortal clothing, once a proud part played
Upon this nether orb! If ye retain
No human sense of honour, joy, or pain ;
If, fixed in seats of blessedness, ye deem
Earth's goodliest pageantries an idiot's dream ; 350
Yet in your bosoms not in vain was sown
Deep as Life's pulse the love of fair Renown ;
For still as Age to fleeting Age succeeds,
(¹) Your track of Glory, your remembered deeds,
A spark of fire ethereal shall impart, 355
To rouse each godlike passion in the heart.

Still, gallant Arnold ⁽¹⁾! while the Switzer fights
E'en to his blood's last drop, to guard his rights ;
The right to tread his hills begirt with storm,
Free as the winds that brace his nervous form; 360
Your dying words, invincible he hears ;
When with gored bosom, grasping Austria's spears,
To glorious death you singly forced the way,
And bade for ever live red Sempach's day ;
“The ranks are broken! charge! the cowards yield!
My little orphans, Oh my Country! shield.”
And You! in whose unconquerable mind ⁽²⁾
The wide-expanded wish to serve Mankind
Ruled as a master-passion ; whether laid
At ease, you wooed Mount Vernon's pleasant shade, 370

And the pure luxury of rural life ;
Or plunged, reluctant, into desperate strife,
To breast the weight of tyrannous command,
And stamp the badge of Freedom on your Land ;
Shall You, the meteor of a fickle day, 375
Blaze for one moment, strike, and pass away ?
No—to her sons unborn shall cling your name,
Linked to their country's proudest hour of Fame ;
Till private, public worth, to Ruin hurled,
Shall leave not e'en their shadow in the World; 380
Then must the Slave, the Patriot, share one lot—
And He, and Washington, shall be forgot.

There is a creeping stillness in these hours,
When Sleep o'er other men his opiate pours ;

When neither sound, nor moving thing is near, 385
And naught but silence wounds my listening ear ;
Save when, at lengthened pause, upon the lyre
Melodious winds in plaining sobs expire.
Here while intent I trace the lettered page,
Thoughtful recorder of a vanished age, 390
Methinks I see, as Memory wakes afresh,
Yet flushed with action, clothed again with flesh,
Figures of Men long mouldered into clay ;
Oh how renowned ! how worshipped ! for a day.
Is it but juggling Fancy ? Can *she* tear 395
From its cold tomb the corse, and bid it wear
Its custom'd lineaments, its well-known form,
E'en as when blood each living pulse did warm ?

My book, my waning lamp, alone are here,
And my dark thoughts—Whence then this thrill of fear?

Phantom, from Earth slow-rising! who art *Thou*?
The sadness character'd upon thy brow,
Thy halo's ray insufferably bright,
Breaking the depth opaque of struggling Night,
The sanguine shroud—alas! can words reply 405
With force of this heart-rending oratory?
'Tis He*, who, standing on the height of Life,
A bulwark fixed 'gainst Tyranny and Strife,
Shuddered to live, while crowds his worth proclaim,
In cold renown, in solitary fame; 410
One instant sunk beneath Grief's iron hand,
And left a chasm yawning in the Land.

* Sir Samuel Romilly.

Oh! that a warning voice had bade thee cling
Less fondly to a perishable thing,
Which even then was passing; o'er whose brow 415
Beauty had shed its saddest farewell glow;
To her, alas! who one day would depart,
Spite of thine agony, and break thy heart.
Fate weaves thine hour of Wreck—the shooting pang
Fixes within thy breast its adder-fang; 420
It drinks thy blood—it clasps each burning vein—
Oh! tear it out, and be thyself again!
Vain hope!—If one relenting tear-drop start,
Back it recoils, and cankers on thy heart;
That dry, hard anguish, every outlet fills, 425
Which gnaws in silence, and in silence kills;

'Tis inward conflict all—no loud despair—
Naught but the quivering lip, the hopeless stare ;
While ever in thy brain convulsed is heard
A muttering Fiend's low, lacerating word : 430
“Think of that day, when, bright in charms and youth,
To thee she plighted constant love and truth—
Think of the tenderness of after-years—
And see what aspect now the Future wears.
All other beauteous things, in vernal hour, 435
The Sun as fair to Earth may yet restore ;
But what sweet, radiant light, shall ever chase
The darkness settled on that lovely face ?
The freshness of the breeze, the morning-glow,
Can never wander where her head lies low ; 440

Nor look, nor cherished accent, pierce the gloom,
Th' oppressive dimness of the sacred tomb :
Cold in its dwelling now must fade that form,
By thee abandoned to the grasping worm,
To brave the horror, the chill damp, alone"— 445
The storm hath o'er thee burst—and thou art gone !

There was a dreadful cry—'tis stifled now ;
There have been tears—tears too have ceased to flow ;
Life's business must be done ; and, fall who may,
'Tis but the loud lamenting of a day. 450
But not the sigh, the fast-descending tear,
Shall to thy ashes meetest offering bear ;
No—from the silent grave thou yet shalt claim
A prouder homage e'en than well-earned fame ;

Still act a monitor's persuasive part, 455
The mind enlighten, and amend the heart.
Oh! if 'mid those who journeyed by thy side,
To thee, in thought, in friendship, then allied;
If One forgetful of the narrow bound
'Twixt honest zeal and factious rage, be found; 460
Who mixes with some virtue, more alloy;
Who feels Distinction too ecstatic joy;
Of Freedom raving, burns alone for Strife,
And naught so execrates as peaceful life;
Breathe in his soul the Patriot's sacred flame, 465
Teach him what Man from Man hath right to claim,
Tell him, when echoed loud from throng to throng,
*Thy name with Liberty's was borne along,

* An allusion to Sir Samuel Romilly's election for Westminster.

Sated with honours, with applause opprest,
The sweetest tribute rose from thine own breast ; 470
A “ still small voice,” amidst that clamorous din,
Whispered how pure, how great, was all within !

If One there be, who pants for power and place,
Of nature crafty, vacillating, base ;
Who deems a smile, a ribband, ample pay 475
For conscience bartered, honour pawned away ;
Oh ! while he totters on the awful brink,
Wavering 'twixt good and ill, afraid to think ;⁽¹⁾
Perchance shall then thy recollected name
So wring his soul cadaverous with shame, 480
That he shall wrench corruption from his heart,
Reject the Traitor's, for the Patriot's part ;

Again the front august of Man shall wear,
Nor stand as apoplexed with cringing fear !

Mysterious Power! When Life's unvaried scene 485
Yields naught of freshness, naught but what hath been;
When o'er each object colourless and bare
Blows with a chiller breath the nipping air ;
When spirits sink, when Time hath played his part,
And slacked the hurried beatings of the heart ; 490
Say! hast thou spells to clear the deepening gloom,
And stretch one line of brightness to the tomb?
How numbed the springs of passion in our soul,
Since first they throbbed beneath thy fierce control!
Since, led by thee, in jocund hour of prime 495
Careless we dallied with fast-fleeting Time ;

In humid valley, or by haunted stream,
With devious steps pursued thy fickle beam ;
And heard inspiring voices echoed round
From dusky hill, and soft-receding ground ; 500
Bidding us, while Youth's pulse as yet did play—
We might be All, or Nothing—speed our way !

Strange awful mystery of waking Dreams !
Is all unreal, that so vivid seems ?
Lost, lost in Thought, I wander far away— 510
The Dead rise up, and turn my Night to Day ;
Winter is past and gone—the jocund Earth
Casts sadness to the winds, and rings with mirth ;
From every tree, green hedge, and hawthorn bush,
The blackbird calls the lone melodious thrush ; 515

And distant floats upon the liquid air
The cuckoo's joyous note, that mocks at care.
Come, dear Companions of my happiest hours!
Through pleasant fields, and meadows gemm'd with
 flow'rs,
The peaceful Itchen's clear bright waters glide, 520
And Youth's light footsteps wander by their side;*
Let us go forth to scent the fragrant air,
And Nature's vernal gifts together share;
Come with your radiant smiles, and we will roam
Till the slow Curfew bids us think of Home; 525

* In fine weather the boys of Winchester College walk every day along the banks of the Itchen to St. Catharine's Hill. The old custom of ringing the Curfew Bell at eight o'clock in the evening, is still retained in the ancient city of Winchester.

Those hands I thought for ever stiff and cold—
Those dear warm hands, within my grasp I hold;
Those eyes, I thought fast closed, upon me beam—
There is no Grief, no Death—'twas all a hideous
Dream!

Hence! mockeries, hence! Cease, erring Fancy, cease
To sharpen vain regret—They sleep in peace!
Great God! these wild desires, these hopes that burn—
To Thee, to Heav'n, to Bliss immortal, turn!
Oh bitter Judgments sent to waken Thought!
Oh stern Decrees with deep compassion fraught! 535
That hand, which binds and sunders human hearts,⁽¹⁾
With every wound a healing balm imparts;

Each piercing stroke its deed of mercy wrought—
Each dying friend an awful lesson taught ;^(m)
The strife is o'er, the contrite tear-drops start, 540
And in our heart, our proud unbending heart;
That iron sinew, which rebels in vain,
And fights against thy will, is snapped in twain ;
While humbled to the dust, when All are gone
Too fondly loved, we cry, “ God’s will be done !” 545

Return, sweet Fancy ! and thy radiance cast
Around the sadness of the sacred Past ;
Soft as the silver beam that bares to sight
The Ruin sleeping on the distant height ;
Or solemn strains, that heavenly music pour 550
Down the dim fretted aisle, at vesper hour ;

When kneeling Monks, with pious hands outspread,
 Chant sad slow orisons above the Dead.
 Oh ! while long buried recollections start,
 Linked as with adamant about our heart ; 555
 Thy last, best gift, Imagination, pour !
 The fond remembrance of those gone before—
 The hope to meet—though *here* we meet no more. }
 That Light shall shine, clear, soft and tremulous—
 Companion of still Eve—the lonely Hesperus. 560

END OF PART II.



NOTES TO IMAGINATION.

NOTES TO PART I.

Note (a)—line 88.

Fatti non foste a virir come bruti,
Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza !

Dante. Inf. canto xxvi.

Note (b)—line 100.

A patriot, hero, more—an honest man !
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Pope's Essay on Man, Ep. iv. 248.

Note (c)—line 129.

Such as might charm immortal Shades, who dwell
In flowering groves, or meads of asphodel.

Ψυχὴ δὲ ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο

Φοίτα, μακρὰ βιβῶσα, κατ' ἀσφοδελὸν λειμῶνα.

Hom. Odys. Α'. 537.

Note (*d*)—line 134.

L'embarras est presque toujours pour celui dont le caractère est le plus sérieux. La légèreté spirituelle en impose à l'esprit méditatif ; et celui, qui se dit heureux, semble plus sage que celui qui souffre.

Corinne.

Note (*e*)—line 152.

An atmosphere of love

Je ne vivais plus dans cette atmosphère d'amour qu' Ellénore répandait autour de moi.

Adolphe.

Note (*f*)—line 168.

J'avais appris la vie dans les poètes ; elle n'est pas ainsi : il y a quelque chose d'aride dans la réalité, que l'on s'efforce en vain de changer.

Corinne, tom. vi. p. 46.

Note (*g*)—line 193.

There is a language uttered night and day

Throughout creation

Madame de Staël has thus eloquently described the connexion between the works of nature and the mind of man. " La nature

peut-elle être sentie par des hommes sans enthousiasme ? Ont-ils pu lui parler de leurs froids intérêts, de leurs misérables désirs ? Que répondraient la mer et les étoiles aux vanités étroites de chaque homme pour chaque jour ? Mais si notre ame est émue, si elle cherche un Dieu dans l'univers, si même elle veut encore de la gloire et de l'amour, il y a des nuages qui lui parlent, des torrents qui se laissent interroger, et le vent dans la bruyère semble daigner nous dire quelque chose de ce qu'on aime."

De l'Allemagne, tom. iii. p. 409.

Note (*h*)—line 211.

. . . . the changeful year,

Silent admonisher

Immortalia ne speres monet annus, et alium

Quæ rapit hora diem.

Hor. lib. iv. ode 7.

Note (*i*)—line 224.

The pride of better years now feeds the worm.

Magnanimi heroës, nati melioribus annis !

Æn. lib. vi. 649.

Note (j)—line 225.

Thou too art gone! in whose deep-furrowed mind.

Οὐ γὰρ δοκεῖν ἄριστος, ἀλλ' εἶναι θέλει,

Βαθεῖαν ἄλοκα διὰ φρενὸς καρπούμενος,

Ἐξ ἧς τὰ κεδνὰ βλαστάνει βουλεύματα.

Sept. cont. Theb. 598.

Note (k)—line 242.

. Fate around thee threw,

E'en in thy prime, a cloud of saddest hue.

Sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbrâ.

Æn. lib. vi. 866.

Note (l)—line 309.

Nous souhaitons la vérité, et ne trouvons en nous qu' incertitude. Nous cherchons le bonheur, et ne trouvons que misère. Nous sommes incapables de ne pas souhaiter la vérité et le bonheur. Ce désir nous est laissé tant pour nous punir, que pour nous faire sentir d'où nous sommes tombés. Nous sommes sur un milieu vaste, toujours incertains, toujours flottants entre l'ignorance et la connaissance; et si nous pensons aller plus avant, notre objet branle, et échappe à notre prise. Nous brûlons du désir d'approfondir tout, et d'édifier

une tour qui s'élève jusqu'à l'infini. Mais tout notre édifice craque, et la terre s'ouvre jusqu'aux abîmes. L'homme ne sait à quel rang se mettre. Il est visiblement égaré, et sent en lui les restes d'un état déchu, et qu'il ne peut retrouver. Il le cherche partout avec inquiétude et sans succès, dans des ténèbres impénétrables. En un mot, l'homme connaît qu'il est misérable; il est donc misérable puis qu'il le connaît; mais il est bien grand, puisqu'il connaît qu'il est misérable. Ainsi toutes ses misères prouvent sa grandeur. Ce sont misères de grand Seigneur; misères d'un roi dépossédé.

Pensées de Pascal.

Note (m)—line 361.

. beneath

A prison's wall had drawn his painful breath.

La mémoire du Tasse fait qu'un étranger va voir l'hôpital S^{te} Anne, où ce grand poète fut enfermé sous prétexte de folie, en 1579. Alphonse, duc de Ferrare, dont la sœur Eléonore était trop liée avec le Tasse, retint pendant sept ans dans cette triste captivité, celui dont il avait reçu une couronne immortelle, dans ce beau passage de la Jérusalem délivrée : *Tu magnanimo Alphonso*, &c. La santé de ce poète, qui acheva de se déranger dans sa prison, lui fit traîner dès-lors une vie triste et languissante.

De la Lande, Voy. en Ital. tom. vi. p. 379.

Note (n)—line 363.

Sought his beloved Sorrento. . . .

“Devant vous est Sorrento; là, demeurait la sœur du Tasse, quand il vint en pèlerin demander à cette obscure amie un asile contre l'injustice des princes: ses longues douleurs avaient égaré sa raison; il ne lui restait que la connaissance des choses divines; toutes les images de la terre étaient troublées.”

Corinne, tom. ii. p. 337.

Note (o)—line 367.

Impetuous passion in his mind had wrought,
And trenched it deep with many a bitter thought.

Io sono arrivato a Roma dopo molte difficoltà, e molti pericoli, tutto pieno d'ogni disperazione, se non di quella della salute dell'anima: la qual, per grazia di Dio spero di condurre in porto di salute. Il corpo è infermo di molte infermità, tutte spiacevoli, tutte noiose; l'ingegno offeso, la memoria indebolita, e quasi perduta: la fortuna contraria più che mai fosse: amici non ho, o non conformi al mio desiderio; perchè vorrebbero quelle cose ch'io non voglio; ed a quelle ch'io voglio, non son favorevoli in modo alcuno: padrone non ho, ne vorrei averne, s'egli non fosse tale che volesse farmi un sicurissimo ozio da studiare: parenti m' hanno rinegato, così quelli

di Lombardia, come io credo che faranno questi del Regno: il che, se avvenisse, sarebbe l'ultimo colpo ch'io aspetto dalla mia fortuna. Vi prego che vogliate più tosto aver risguardo alla mia virtù, ch'alla povertà; perchè, essendo infermo, che posso pensare altro che di morire nello Spedale degli Incurabili, o di risanar con le vostre promesse? Signora sorella, il mio male e veramente incurabile, cresciuto con l'età, e confermatosi con l'usanza, e con la simulazione degli uomini, i quali non hanno voluto risanarmi, ma ammaliarmi. Però, benchè mi osservaste le vostre promesse, non ho grande speranza di guarire; parlo di questo male incurabile, perchè alcuni altri potrebbero esser curati di leggieri. Pregovi per la memoria, e per l'anima di quel Padre, che l'uno e l'altro di noi ha generato, e di quella Madre, ch'ambedue partorì, che vogliate esser viva, acciò ch'io possa venire, non dirò a godere, ma a respirare in cotesto cielo, sotto il quale son nato, a rallegrarmi con la vista del mare, e de' giardini, a consolarmi con la vostra amorevolezza, a bere di cotesti vini, e di coteste acque, che forse potranno diminuire la mia infermità.

Let. del Tasso alla sua Sorella, p. 177.

Note (p)—line 390.

On woody Helicon his trembling lyre,

Hung to a cypress. . . .

Poggia pur dall' umil volgo diviso
 L'aspro Elicona, a cui se' 'n guisa appresso,
 Che non ti può più 'l calle esser preciso.

Ivi pende mia cetra ad un cipresso.
 Salutala in mio nome, e dalle avviso,
 Ch' io son dagli anni e da fortuna oppresso.

Son. del Tasso, p. 117.

Note (q)—line 400.

Unknown the ties which grapple heart to heart.

In the simplicity of the savage state, the affection of parents, like the instinctive fondness of animals, ceases almost entirely as soon as their offspring attain maturity. In an American hut, a father, a mother, and their posterity, live together like persons assembled by accident, without seeming to feel the obligation of the duties mutually arising from this connexion.

Robertson's History of America, vol. i. p. 323.

Note (r)—line 403.

Where torrid regions yield spontaneous fruit,
 The human being scarce excels the brute.
 The wants of those who inhabit the torrid zone are easily sup-

plied; they need no clothing, scarce any habitation; and fruits, which ripen there to perfection, give them food without labouring for it. Need we any other cause for their inferiority of understanding, compared with the inhabitants of other climates, where the mind, as well as body, is constantly at work for procuring necessities?

Kames, Sketches of the Hist. of Man, vol. i. p. 385.

Note (s)—line 426.

And hurls his shaft envenomed to the mark.

Their ingenuity always on the stretch, and sharpened by emulation as well as necessity, has struck out many inventions, which greatly facilitate success in the chase. The most singular of these is the discovery of a poison in which they dip the arrows employed in hunting. The slightest wound with these envenomed shafts is mortal; if they only pierce the skin, the blood fixes and congeals in a moment, and the strongest animal falls motionless to the ground. Nor does this poison, notwithstanding its violence and subtilty, infect the flesh of the animal which it kills.

Robertson's Hist. of America, vol. i. p. 327.

Note (t)—line 429.

Save when his fire disturbs the shaggy bear.

The bear chooses for his abode the hollow trunk of a rotten tree.

There he takes his lodgement in winter, as high as he can climb. The Indians force him out of his retreat by setting fire to it ; and as soon as he attempts to descend, he is overwhelmed by a shower of arrows.

Note (u)—line 433.

Shades of unburied friends his senses scare,
Howl in the blast, and in the lightning glare.

Superstition keeps alive the desire of revenge in the breast of the Indian Savage. The last drop of the murderer's blood can alone atone for the assassination of a friend. His shade is supposed to be continually calling for vengeance. It wanders disquieted in the forests and appears in the lightning, or, in the shape of a bird, utters mournful cries.

Note (v)—line 441.

Our mangled bodies glut the joyous foe.

Among the Iroquois, the phrase by which they express their resolution of making war against an enemy is, " Let us go and eat that nation." If they solicit the aid of a neighbouring tribe, they invite it to " eat broth made of the flesh of their enemies."

Robertson's Hist. of America, vol. i. p. 361.

Note (*w*)—line 463.

There, while her tender sacrifice she pours.

This affecting custom is mentioned by several Travellers as prevalent in North America.

Note (*x*)—line 1 of the ballad.

Twice falling snows, &c.

Un Siminole de la Floride vous dit, “ La fille s’est mariée à l’arrivée du colibri.—L’enfant est mort quand la nompareille a mué.—Cette mère a autant de petits guerriers, qu’il y a d’œufs dans le nid du pélican.”—Les Sauvages du Canada marquent la sixième heure du soir, par le moment où les ramiers boivent aux sources, et les Sauvages de la Louisiane par celui où l’éphémère sort des eaux.

Chateaubriand, Génie du Christianisme, tom. ii. p. 62.

Note (*y*)—line 499.

Early, to solemn thought aroused, thy Verse,

Son of the secret cell! thou didst rehearse.

The Caledonians, inhabiting a mountainous country in the northern part of Britain, had little commerce with other nations, and preserved long in purity many Celtic customs, particularly that

of retaining bards. All the chieftains had bards in their pay, whose province it was to compose songs in praise of their ancestors, and to accompany those songs with the harp. These made a deep impression on the young warriors, elevated some into heroes and promoted virtue in every hearer. The great object pursued by heroic spirits was “to receive their fame,” that is, to become worthy of being celebrated in the songs of bards; and “to have their name on the four gray stones.” To die unlamented by a bard, was deemed so great a misfortune as even to disturb their ghosts in another state. “They wander in thick mists beside the reedy lake; but never shall they rise, without the song, to the dwelling of winds.” After death, they expected to follow employments of the same nature with those which had amused them on earth; to fly with their friends on clouds, to pursue airy deer, and to listen to their praise in the mouths of bards.

Kames's Sketches of the Hist. of Man, vol. i. p. 305.

Blair's Diss. on Ossian.

Note (z)—line 504.

To soften brutal force, &c.

Ossian! be thou a storm in war; but mild when the foe is low!
It was thus my fame arose. Oh my son! be thou like Selma's

chief. When the haughty come to my halls, my eyes behold them not. But my arm is stretched forth to the unhappy. My sword defends the weak !

Calthon and Colmal, p. 3.

Note (aa)—line 515.

Now Chief and Bard have vanished ; &c.

The committee appointed to inquire into the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, received from a few of their correspondents such ancient poems as they possessed in writing, from having formerly taken them down from the oral recitation of the old Highlanders, who were in use to recite them, or as they now took them down from some person, whom a very advanced period of life, or a particular connexion with some reciter of the old school, enabled still to retain them in his memory.

Prel. Dis. to the Poems of Ossian.

In alluding to Ossian, I have adopted the most *poetical* creed.

Note (bb)—line 541.

When Freedom rose triumphant from the storm.

Ce fut la liberté, mère des grands évènements, ainsi que des révolutions et des jalousies parmi les Grecs, qui répandit dès-lors,

chez ce peuple, les premières semences des sentiments nobles. Comme le spectacle de la vaste surface des mers, et l'aspect des vagues énormes qui viennent se briser contre les rochers, élèvent notre ame, et détournent notre esprit des petits objets ; de même la vue de si grandes choses, et de si grands hommes, ne pouvait rien faire concevoir de médiocre.

Winkelman. Hist. de l'Art, liv. iv. chap. i. p. 328.

Note (cc)—line 542.

And brightly on the soul beamed beauty's fulgent form !

Les Grecs cherchèrent à réunir les formes élégantes de plusieurs beaux corps, ainsi que nous l'apprenons par l'entretien de Socrate avec le célèbre peintre Parrhasius. Ce choix des belles parties, et leur rapport harmonieux dans une figure, produisirent la beauté idéale.

Winkelman. Hist. de l'Art, liv. iv. chap. i. p. 362.

Note (dd)—line 548.

Hymettus' sweets distilled from Plato's lip.

An allusion to the well-known tradition respecting Plato. It was reported at Athens, that, when he was an infant, his father Aristo went to Hymettus, with his wife and child, to sacrifice to the Muses;

and that while he was performing the divine rites, a swarm of bees distilled their honey upon the lips of his son.

Note (*ee*)—line 557.

Yet little need had Genius of thy care,

Where all was great, magnanimous and fair ;

First of all the Athenian orator standing on the Bema of the Pnyx, had the natural elements at his service. There was the sky of Attica above his head, the soil of Attica beneath his feet, and, above all, the sea of Attica visible behind him. Appeals to the Ruling Powers of these elements, in other places vague and unmeaning, *here* were generally just, and sometimes necessary. Here, without any unnatural constraint, he could fetch the deities from those elements, and place them, as it were, on the platform before him. They would appear to answer his call, not like stage-deities, let down *ex machinâ*, but as stepping spontaneously from those visible elements, in which they were believed to dwell. There must therefore have been something inexpressibly solemn in the ejaculation $\Omega \Gamma \eta \kappa \alpha \iota \Theta \epsilon \omega \iota$! O Earth and Gods ! uttered in his most sublime periods by Demosthenes in this place.

Nor was it merely that the sea and the sky, the vales and mountains of his native land, by which he was immediately surrounded,

gave nerve and energy to the eloquence of the speaker here, which no other excitement could so well supply : so that we seem, as it were, still to inhale the air of Attica from the pages of Demosthenes; he had not merely the natural elements in his favour, but he had also those historical objects, both of nature and art, immediately around him, by which the imagination of his audience was most forcibly excited, and in which their affections were interested most deeply.

Visible behind him, at no great distance, was the scene of Athenian glory, the island of Salamis. Nearer was the Peiraeus, with its arsenals lining the shore, and its fleets floating upon its bosom. Before him was the crowded city itself. In the city, immediately below him, was the circle of the Agora, planted with plane trees, adorned with statues of marble, bronze and gilded, with painted porticoes, and stately edifices, monuments of Athenian gratitude and glory: a little beyond it was the Areopagus; and, above all, towering to his right, rose the stately Acropolis itself, faced with its Propylaea as a frontlet, and surmounted with the Parthenon as a crown. Therefore, the Athenian orator was enabled to speak with a power and almost an exaltation, which the presence of such objects alone could give either to himself or his hearers. Thence he could extol the generous sacrifices made by his and their common State, as

being the efficient cause, “ ἀφ’ ὧν κτήματα ἀθάνατα αὐτῇ περίεστιν, τὰ μὲν τῶν ἔργων ἡ μνήμη, τὰ δὲ τῶν ἀναθημάτων τῶν ἐπ’ ἐκείνοις ἀνατεθέντων τὸ κάλλος, Προπύλαια ταῦτα, ὁ Παρθενὼν, Στοᾶ, Νεώσοικοι. . . . Whence there still survive to her, everlasting possessions; on the one hand, the memory of her exploits; on the other, the splendour of the monuments consecrated in former days; yon PROPYLÆA, that PARTHENON, PORTICOES, and DOCKS.” These objects were all present before their eyes to witness to the truth of this appeal.

Wordsworth's Athens and Attica, p. 67.

Note (*ff*)—line 565.

Ionian forms of beauty round him stood.

L'Orateur Dion Chrysostome, pour exprimer une beauté mâle par un seul mot, donne à un bel homme le nom de figure Ionienne. Ce pays est encore fertile en belles formes: un voyageur du seizième siècle, ne se lasse point de relever la beauté des femmes de cette province.

Winkelmann. Hist. de l'Art, liv. i. chap. iii. p. 66.

NOTES TO PART II.

Note (*a*)—line 135.

In vain the Muleteers, &c.

Those who are obliged to cross St. Gothard when an Avalanche is expected, travel by night, as the snow may then be refrozen. They refrain from speaking, and take off the little bells affixed to the necks of their mules, as the vibration of the air occasioned by the least sound, might detach the overhanging masses of snow. Crosses are erected in those places where travellers have perished by the descent of an Avalanche.

Note (*b*)—line 167.

And plucking thistles from their verdant beds,

Wild Alpine flowrets and fresh water sheds.

In many of the Swiss Cantons it is customary for the survivors to sprinkle water, and plant flowers, over the graves of their deceased friends.

Note (c)—line 184.

Aprended flores de mí,
Lo que ~~va~~ de ayer á hoy;
Que ayer maravilla fui,
Y hoy sombra mia no soy.
Flores, que á la blanca aurora
Con tal belleza salis,
Que soberbias competis
Con el mismo sol que os dora,
Toda la vida es un hora;
Como vosotras me ví,
Y aunque arrogante salí,
Sucedió la noche al día;
Mirad la desdicha mia;
Aprended flores de mí.
Maravilla solia ser
De toda la Andalucía;
O maravilla! O María!
Ya no soy la que era ayer:
Flores, no deis á entender
Que no sereis lo que soy;
Pues hoy en estado estoy,

Que, si ayer me contemplo,
Conocereis por mi exemplo
Lo que va de ayer á hoy.
No desvanezea el clavel
La púrpura, ni el dorado
La corona, ni el morado
Lirio el hilo de oro dél;
Ni te precies de cruel,
Minutiva carmesí,
Ni por el color turquí,
Bárbara violeta, ignores
Tu fin, contemplando, flores,
Que ayer maravilla fui.
De esta loca bazarria
Quedareis desengañadas,
Quando con manos heladas
Os verá la noche frias;
Maravilla ser solia,
Pero ya lástima doy,
Che de extremo á extremo voy,
Y desde ser a no ser;
Llamábame sol ayer,
Y hoy sombra mia no soy !

Lope de Vega Carpio.

Note (d)—line 90.

And golden dreams that Life to Rapture turn.

Removed to a distance from society, and from the pursuits of life, when we have been long accustomed to converse with our own thoughts, and have found our activity gratified by intellectual exertions, which afford scope to all our powers and affections, without exposing us to the inconveniences resulting from the bustle of the world, we are apt to contract an unnatural predilection for meditation, and to lose all interest in external occurrences. In such a situation too, the mind gradually loses that command which education, when properly conducted, gives it over the train of its ideas; till at length the most extravagant dreams of imagination acquire as powerful an influence in exciting all its passions, as if they were realities.

*Stewart's Elem. of the Philos. of the
Human Mind, c. vii. p. 517.*

Note (e)—line 199.

Angoisses des passions, fièvre de l'attente, vide ou désespoir suivant le succès ou la perte! Supplice même des affections du cœur trompées par l'abandon, l'absence ou la perte des objets que nous aimons, par leur ingratitude, leur froideur, leur négligence, par un

defaut de confiance, que sais-je? par une sensibilité moins vive que la nôtre, par quelque différence dans la façon de voir ou de sentir; car, hélas! qu'il faut peu de chose pour blesser douloureusement notre cœur, quand follement épris des créatures, il se cherche lui-même en elles, quand il demande une satisfaction infinie et la plénitude de son repos à des êtres finis et imparfaits!

Vous surtout, qui avez reçu de sa bonté le don précieux de l'amour du beau, une ame généreuse et bienfaisante! Vous, qu'il a marqués pour lui appartenir un jour, et qui peut-être n'avez pas encore connu ou suivi cette vocation, ah! ne lui résistez plus. Laissez-vous aller à l'attrait que vous éprouvez. Aspirez à cette perfection qu'il vous propose aujourd'hui. Soyez enfin pour votre Dieu ce que vous êtes pour les créatures. Exercez pour lui cet esprit de sacrifice et de dévouement que vous vous plaisez à déployer pour ceux que vous aimez. Alors vous n'éprouverez plus de vide ni de mécompte.

Cellérier.

Note (f)—line 206.

Comes not the fearful waking start at last?

Behold me now, then, entered upon a new stage of life—a long, sweet, shadowy train of dreams and fancies, and forethoughts of an unreal future, was for ever past. I had attained suddenly to the

end of that period, which is as a tale from the East, "a tale of glory and of the sun." A startling and abrupt truth had come upon me in the night, and unawares! I was awakened, and for ever—the charm had fallen from me; and I was as other men! The little objects of earth—the real and daily present—the routine of trifles—the bustle and the contest—the poor employment and the low ambition—these were henceforth to me as to my fellow-kind. I was brought at once into the actual world; and the armour for defence was girded around me as by magic; the weapon adapted to the hardship and to the battle was in my hand. And all this had happened—love—disappointment—despair—wisdom—while I was yet a boy!

Bulwer's Student, vol. ii. p. 219.

Note (g)—line 285.

But He, whose blood doth flow like liquid fire.

When the notions of enjoyment or of excellence which imagination has formed, are greatly raised above the ordinary standard, they interest the passions too deeply to leave us at all times the cool exercise of reason, and produce that state of the mind which is commonly known by the name of enthusiasm; a temper which is one of the most fruitful sources of error and disappointment; but which is a source, at the same time, of heroic actions and of exalted charac-

ters. To the exaggerated conceptions of eloquence which perpetually revolved in the mind of Cicero; to that idea which haunted his thoughts of *aliquid immensum infinitumque*; we are indebted for some of the most splendid displays of human genius: and it is probable that something of the same kind has been felt by every man who has risen much above the level of humanity, either in speculation or in action.

*Stewart's Elem. of the Philos. of the
Human Mind*, c. vii. p. 530.

Note (h)—line 309.

Action on him whom thoughts intense convulse.

Ce qui tue c'est l'inaction; c'est de sentir tout son être inutile, toute sa force perdue; c'est de n'avoir rien à combattre, rien à immoler. Ce pauvre fou! Comme il regarde l'horizon! Je crains bien qu'à cette heure il ne soit pas fou, et qu'il sache seulement qu'il est captif. Pauvre homme! tu n'iras jamais jusqu'à cette première lame de l'Adriatique, et il y a peut-être dans ton cerveau un volcan, qui voudrait te lancer au bout du monde. Il ne s'en est peut-être pas fallu de l'épaisseur d'un cheveu sous son crâne qu'il ne fût un homme de génie, et qu'il ne remplît l'univers de son

nom. Peut-être qu'il y a des instants où il le sent, et où il s'aperçoit qu'il faut mourir à l'hôpital.

Lettres d'un Voyageur, par Georges Sand.

Note (i)—line 354.

S'il n'y a rien de moral dans le cœur de l'homme, d'où lui viennent donc ces transports d'admiration pour les actions heroïques, ces ravissements d'amour pour les grandes ames ? Cet enthousiasme de la vertu, quel rapport a-t-il avec notre intérêt privé ? Pourquoi voudrais-je être Caton qui déchire ses entrailles, plutôt que César triomphant ? Otez de nos cœurs cet amour du beau, vous ôtez tout le charme de la vie. Celui dont les viles passions ont étouffé dans son ame étroite ces sentiments délicieux ; celui qui, à force de se concentrer au dedans de lui, vient à bout de n'aimer que lui-même, n'a plus de transport, son cœur glacé ne palpite plus de joie, un doux attendrissement n'humecte jamais ses yeux, il ne jouit plus de rien, le malheureux ne sent plus, ne vit plus, il est déjà mort.

Mais quel que soit le nombre des méchants sur la terre, il est peu de ces ames cadavéreuses, devenues insensibles, hors leur intérêt, à tout ce qui est juste et bon. Si quelqu' acte de clémence ou de générosité frappe nos yeux, quelle admiration, quel amour il nous inspire ! Qui est-ce qui ne se dit pas, j'en voudrais avoir fait autant ? Il nous

importe sûrement fort peu qu'un homme ait été méchant ou juste il y a deux mille ans; et cependant le même intérêt nous affecte dans l'histoire ancienne, que si tout cela s'était passé de nos jours. Que me font à moi les crimes de Catilina? Ai-je peur d'être sa victime? Pourquoi donc ai-je de lui la même horreur que s'il était mon contemporain?

Rousseau.

Note (j)—line 357.

Still, gallant Arnold! while the Switzer fights.

For an account of Arnold de Winkelried's heroic exploit at the battle of Sempach, see *Hare Naylor's Hist. of the Helvetic Republics*, p. 112, chap. x.

Note (k)—line 367.

And You, in whose unconquerable mind.

These are my opinions of General Washington, which I would vouch for at the judgment-seat of God, having been formed on an acquaintance of thirty years. On the whole his character was, in its mass, perfect; in nothing bad; in few things indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from mankind an everlasting remembrance.

Jefferson.

Note (l)—line 478.

While thou art young, and raw, and soft-natured, thou art apt to think it an easy thing to gain love, and reckonest thy own friendship a sure price for another man's: but when experience shall once have opened thy eyes, and shewn thee the hardness of most hearts, and the hollowness of others, and the baseness and ingratitude of almost all—then wilt thou find, that a Friend is the gift of God, and that He only, who made Hearts, can unite them; for it is He only who creates these sympathies and suitablenesses of nature that are the foundation of all true friendship; and then, by his Providence, brings persons so affected together; it is the invisible hand of Heaven that ties the knot, and mingles hearts and souls by secret and unaccountable conjunctions.

Fuller's Directions, Counsels, and Cautions.

Note (m)—line 539.

If we have not, like God's peculiar people, been led through a wilderness, we are living in a world which closely resembles one; and the years we have passed in it, ought to live in our memories and affect our hearts. We have not entirely done with those years. Their fleeting hours are indeed gone; but the God who gave them to us, requires them again at our hands. He requires not only an

account of them, which must be rendered hereafter, but a remembrance and improvement of them, which must be our work and concern now. We are called upon to remember also the afflictions with which we have been visited since we have been walking in the path of life. We have had many an hour of sorrow—and ought we to forget those hours? Ought we to drive from our remembrance the scenes of trouble and temptation through which we have passed; the days of sickness and despondency which have been sent to us; the comforts that are fled; the friends that are gone; the gourds that are withered? Oh no! Remembering our affliction and our misery, the wormwood and the gall, our soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled within us. And thus it should be. “Thou shalt also consider in thine heart, that as a father chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee.” It is an awful thing to slight this command, and make light of this chastening. It is sinful to faint and be discouraged under affliction; but as for forgetting and despising it, the Christian trembles at the thought. If it must be so, let him “go softly all his days in the bitterness of his soul;” let him take a sorrowful and troubled spirit down with him to the grave—all will be well at last; but to have a careless and hardened heart, when the Lord God calls to weeping and mourning, is to be accursed and undone.

Bradley.

1

P O E M S.

1

VERSES WRITTEN IN A VILLA NEAR NAPLES.

I.

Oh vagrant Breeze ! that from the azure deep
Dost linger yet, around this airy steep ;
Creeping 'mongst aloes, myrtles, youthful vines,
And golden citron-blooms, as day declines ;
Waft thy fresh fragrance o'er me ! while I stand
And gaze once more on this enchanted land ;
Its sun-crowned hills that charm the dazzled sight,
Glowing with early fruitage, life and light ;
Its verdant capes, its islands of the blest,
That lie like precious gems on Ocean's breast ;
Yon fragile barks, that o'er him bounding play,
Sportive and glad, beneath the western ray ;
His dark-blue waves, his canopy immense—
The beauty of bright Earth, and Heaven's magnificence !

II.

But who was He that built this fairy nest,
The way-worn pilgrim's pleasant place of rest ?
With Taste and Fancy's rarest gifts endued,
Who planned on Earth this beauteous solitude ?
Ah me ! forsooth, he was a skilful wight,
That looked on Nature's shows with deep delight ;
'Mid scenes remote from busy haunts of men,
Mountain and woodland, rock and ruggèd glen,
Had tracked her steps, in many a foreign clime,
With youthful Morn at gracious hour of prime ;
And when soft silent Evening, gliding by,
With gold, rose, sapphire, lighted up the sky—
Till lovely pictures on his mental sight
Floated distinct and clear, ere yet revealed to light.

III.

Forth from their sylvan glades he called each Fay,
And merry Elf, that loves the moonlight-ray ;
Obedient they at dawn of day did start,
With all their cunning implements of art;
By haunted stream, in soft-receding vale,
Rifled all plants that rare perfumes exhale ;
And wafted through these green secluded bowers
The vernal redolence of new-born flowers.
Up the steep cliff small foot-paths cut the Fays,
A lovely labyrinth of winding ways ;
Then fair stone columns reared, where graceful twine,
In gay festoons, the jasmine and the vine ;
And, near, a still retreat from noise and glare—
Right fit for lettered Sage, or Knight and Lady fair.

IV.

Their task was done—in such short time complete,
It seemed to dull slow Men a wondrous feat;
For awkward human fingers have not power
To do in years, what Fays do in an hour.
With sparkling draughts their acorn-cups they filled,
From the soft hyacinth's blushing bells distilled ;
And where the tall white lily stately grew,
From her cold chalice quaffed sweet drops of dew.
Well pleased He gazed, who had their aid besought,
On all, at his command, these Sprites had wrought ;
Through the light rustling foliage off they flew,
Tripping with airy step—a jocund crew !
His fair designs fulfilled, before him lay
His fancy's bright creation, ushered into day.

V.

He gazed—then went his way—and now bereft
Of all the joyousness of life 'tis left ;
Its pleasant paths no cheerful footsteps tread—
The bird, lone-warbling, leaves his mossy shed,
Hopping from bloom to bloom with curious eye,
And wonders at his strange security ;
No hand is here th' odorous flowers to cull,
No voice to say that all is beautiful ;
And yon pale lustrous Planet, that on high
Hath hung her silver crescent in the sky,
Shines softly beaming on this desert place,
With silent, wan, and melancholy grace ;
Grieving in pity at such wayward fate—
That aught so passing fair should be so desolate !

VI.

No living sounds are here—but through the gloom
Sweet touching accents break from yonder tomb ;
A favourite Dog, to *one* heart very dear,
Speaks to the friendly stranger passing near ;
Prays that such blessèd fate may *him* betide,
Says she was happy—that she loved, and died.
Oh ! give me back the dream of Human Life,
With passionate hopes, with fond affections rife ;
The heavenly sunbeam of the speaking eye—
The voice, with all its silver melody—
The smile, that radiant flashes on the sight,
And stirs the answering heart-strings with delight !
Naught else on Earth hath God with power endued
To quench the Soul's parched thirst, and sweeten
Solitude.

I.

Not *now*—when round the festive board
Delighted sits each chosen guest,
To catch, in bright succession poured,
Thy fine retort, thy playful jest ;
And, as the rich red wine he sips,
Hails with loud laugh, or jocund smile,
Wit, fancy, flashing from thy lips,
That darkest thoughts of care beguile—
When dullest mortals round thee press,
As if thy genius e'en could lend
A lustre to their nothingness—
Oh, no !—not *now* I ask to be thy friend.

II.

In soft long summer days of light,
The gay bright bird pursues his way,
Where radiant dew's his steps invite—
Hark to his wild mellifluous lay !
It breathes of hope—it tells of bliss,
A life of sunbeams, joy, and love ;
The rose, whom thousand zephyrs kiss,
The lily pale, its influence prove ;
And seem upon the balmy air,
Blending their sighs of fragrance, thus
To pour sweet tender words of pray'r—
“Oh ! stay thy gladsome wing, and live with us.”

III.

Night comes at last—he feels her chills
Press heavy on his drooping wings ;
Each floral bell with tears she fills,
O'er each fair form her sadness flings ;
Oh skies once thought for ever blue !
Oh beams once thought for ever bright !
Where is your radiant sapphire hue ?
Where is your soul-reviving light ?
His gay companions all are fled,
Silent he hastes where trees disclose
A shelter for his weary head,
Nor seeks one earthly boon save deep repose.

IV.

So passes life ! One doom is writ
For all—'tis writ alas ! for thee,
Thou poet, scholar, man of wit,
Thou idol of society !
Oh ! when the withering hour draws near,
And all thy sparkling thoughts grow dim ;
Irksome to thee the festive cheer,
The long loud laugh, the social whim ;
When naught to thee shines bright on earth,
No aid thy summer-comrades lend,
Who loved thee but in hours of mirth—
Then, then, I'll ask to be thy winter-friend !

VERSES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, TWO YEARS AFTER

MY FIRST INTRODUCTION TO HER.

Two years ago—and Thou to me
Wert nothing but a senseless dream !
All praised thy charms, All spoke of Thee,
The poet, painter's, endless theme :
One said Dame Nature ne'er displayed
Such skill, as when her white and red
Upon thy polished cheek she laid,
And beaming smiles 'mid blushes led ;
Taught thy fair locks their graceful wave,
And gemm'd them with her drops of gold ;

•

With dext'rous hand perfection gave
To features stamped in beauty's mould;
And lavished on thy noble form
Each gift to strike the dazzled sight,
Each secret spell the heart to warm—
Soft winning grace, imperial height,
The Goddess-air, the Goddess-walk :
I heard him, but I heeded not—
I thought such praise but idle talk—
For *then* I knew thee not!

Another cried “ With nobler care
She stamped a mind upon that face ;
What life, what soul, are flashing there !
What vivid thoughts each other chase !

Mark that celestial look of peace—

It breathes of Heav'n, knows naught of Earth ;

Then gaze again—her musings cease,

And all is hope, love, fancy, mirth!

Effulgent day seems dawning bright

Upon that open radaint brow ;

Pouring its early blessèd light,

Its gladness, joy, on all below!

Affliction pleads—those smiles are fled—

That cheek deep shades of sadness stain,

Pale pity's gloom, the look of dread

That shudders at another's pain,

The tear that mourns another's fate—”

I heard him—I believed him not—

I thought such praise the lover's prate—
For *then* I knew thee not.

Can *He*, who from his hour of birth
Has rolled his rayless orbs in night,
Believe in all *Thou* tell'st of Earth—
How fair, how lovely in *thy* sight ?
How sweet to tread the broomy heath
When youthful Morn alone is there—
Ere yet it mix with mortal breath,
To quaff the spirit of the air ?
How sweet, when gliding moon-beams steal
O'er bosky glen, rock, stream and tree,
To gaze upon the night, and feel
Her holy peace descend on thee ?

No pulse of *his*, in hour of prime,
E'er felt that Earth has magic power ;
His long dark year knows no spring-time
Gracious with dews, fresh herb and flower ;
The eastern cloud begirt with gold,
The deep blue sky ne'er blessed *his* sight—
He hears thy words unmoved and cold—
He knows not *what* is *Light*!

Oh blessèd change, from dim dull doubt,
To perfect knowledge, bright belief!
'Twas no mock vision shadowed out
In dreams of night—wild, brilliant, brief—
Awake I stood—I saw thee near,
Bidding me gaze, believe, rejoice!

I felt upon my charmed ear

The floating silver of thy voice ;

In joy, in grief, by day, by night,

Thy spells at work about my heart ;

I basked beneath thy mind's rich light—

I dearer prized its soothing art.

How mean the strains thy poets sing !

How cold all words that speak of Thee !

If mimic Art her pencil bring,

And strive to give thee back to me—

The line of beauty meets mine eye—

Shapes, tints, that please a little while—

But *where* thy sweet variety ?

The sunshine of thy smile ?

Two years have passed—and now to me
Thou'rt nothing but a lovely dream !
My dreary path points far from thee—
And all those hours delusion seem,
When, day by day, thy sweet discourse,
Thy book, thy harp, thy walk, I shared ;
And, baffling winter's ruthless force,
Frail, fragrant gifts, for thee prepared.
Ah ! happier had I never known,
Than known thee, loved thee, but to part !
Two years ago—unlinked, alone,
I lived content to stand apart—
Alone I read the glowing line,
Nor sighed to charm another's ear ;

I smiled—no answering smile met mine—

Alone I shed the burning tear—

Alone my heart with rapture beat ;

I sought thee not, I missed thee not—

My lonely walk at Eve was sweet—

For *then* I knew thee not !

A BALLAD.

“ HARK ! how from yonder rocky cliff
Moans the loud tempest’s sullen roar !
Hark ! how the lashing surge resounds
Along that wild deserted shore !

“ Oh Lady ! seek some sheltering cave,
And lay that lovely form at rest :
The blast sighs through thy raven hair ;
The rain-drop chills thy panting breast.”

She stopped—the voice of pity then
Perchance some tender thought awoke ;
A milder sadness crossed her brow—
In mournful accents thus she spoke.

“ In vain for peace, in vain for rest,
This breaking heart would Heaven implore :
His bark is wrecked—his eye is closed—
And we have met—to meet no more !

“ Yes, yes, a strange prophetic thought
Then whispered 'twas a last farewell ;
E'en while, with fond, persuasive art,
He strove each anxious doubt to quell.”

“ 'Tis not that eye of jetty black,
Which binds this constant heart to thee ;
But Love's sweet smile, that, beaming there,
Oft tells me thou canst love but me.

“ That thought shall soothe my lonely hours,
When far away, in distant clime—
And lead me back once more to thee,
Unchilled by Age—unchanged by Time.”

“ And shall another win that smile?
Another dry this burning tear?
And shall this fickle heart forget
Its love for one so fond, so dear?

“ Oh! cheerless rolls the dark, blue wave,
O'er him, who loved this faded form;
And, far beneath the wintry surge,
He feels no cold—he hears no storm.

“ Yet I can see his magic smile,
 Though shrouded now in endless night ;
Recall his eye’s soft sparkling ray,
 Though Death has quenched that heavenly light.

“ The rain beats round my aching head—
 It cannot cool this burning brain !
The wind blows o’er my bosom bare—
 It cannot lull this throbbing pain !”

Reason, one moment, lent her light—
 For ever, then, that light withdrew !
With frantic shriek, with hurried step,
 Towards the rocks she wildly flew.

And as she climbed the craggy steep,
And waved her pointing hand on high,
In sweet, in mournful tones, she sung,
Responsive to the sea-bird's cry.

“ Row, row thy bark—the storm is past—
The moon now sheds her clear, cold light—
The wind is hushed—the wave is smooth—
And every star is shining bright.

“ And while I press thy faithful breast,
And feel thy tear upon my cheek,
I'll brave with thee the billow's rage—
There peace and rest for ever seek !”

THE END.

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